



Independent By Nature - 30 Second Ad Treatment

The goal of this amended treatment is to present the core tenants of the Wicklow Wolf brand - ruggedness, association with nature, and independant-mindness, in an atmospheric and subtextual way. We will follow individuals pursuing their passions - rock climbing, surfing, axe-throwing, and brewing, all through the specific optics of the elements that make up Wicklow Wolf beer - the water, the hops, the barley, and the land itself. In doing so, we hope to cement a brand association with an ecologically-friendly, self-reliant, authentic identity.

NB – Emboldened lines represent voiceover, to be read in a deep, gruff, authentically rural tone.

Our home has magic in the brewing,

FADE IN on a drone shot above the hills of the Wicklow mountains – soaring over fields of green trees, and the orange brush surrounding the coal-black waters of Lough Tay.

In those with a passion on them, who twist together ambition, patience, and a skill well-honed.

The back muscles of a ROCK CLIMBER tense and contort, stretching in front of sheer cliff-face. His hands CLAP together, a small cloud of chalk bursting into the air, caught in the morning light.

And in the quiet of the hills around, in the cracks and crannies clung to, beholden to nothing but the seasons.

The rock climber is pressed against the granite face of Lugnaquilla, silhouetted against the rising sun. From a drone shot, he seems frighteningly small, hugging the rock, insignificant against the monstrous wilderness around him, and the lakes below.

There's magic in the soil, where the bines take root, emerald and bittersweet.

We cut to the Roundwood hops farm from above, passing over the geometric rows of poles on which the hops grow. We cut to Quincy





Joe Lyons climbing 'Blue Heaven', above Lough Dan.

and Simon walking the farm with their dogs. They pick hops straight from the vine, rubbing them between their hand and inhaling deeply.

And in the braids of barley that crash upon the hills.

We cut to an individual knot of barley blowing in the breeze. We cut again to a wide shot of an entire field of barley in motion, framed with an amber sunset. In the midst of the field of barley is the AXE THROWER, a young man, facing off against a wooden target. He throws an axe against the target with great force, embedding itself deeply amongst the knotted wood.

There's magic in the water, the rough beast that throws itself upon the land.

We cut to a drone shot flying over a stoney beach, as the waves crash against the rocks. We cut again to a medium shot of the SURFER, a young woman looking out onto the sea, her hair tussled, surfboard under one arm.

And in the clang of glasses raised, and the warmth of moments shared.

We cut to the Wicklow Wolf taproom, around which sit the rockclimber, the surfer, and the axe-thrower, all lit with a warm amber glow. They smile and tell jokes, pints of Wicklow Wolf in their hands.

There's magic in the brewing.

We cut to Quincy and Simon in the Wicklow Wolf Brewery, holding up glasses of beer to the light, fresh out of a steel drum. We cut again to a shot of the Sugarloaf, large and imposing. The Wicklow Wolf logo and slogan appear on screen in time with the final piece of narration;

Wicklow Wolf - Independent by Nature.

FADE TO BLACK.



COURT MÉTRAGE
short film corner
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